



**Happy
Halloween,
Trashmouth**

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Happy Halloween, Trashmouth by [tobeaskeleton](#)

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Summary:

Halloween 1989

Happy Halloween, Trashmouth

Halloween used to be Richie's favorite holiday. He could be whoever he wanted to be, say whatever he wanted to say, and last year he had pulled off a great Schwarzenegger with his Terminator costume.

Now, as leaves fall in shades of red and orange onto the streets of Derry, Richie is left with a feeling of impending doom building in his gut. All of the Losers feel it, but no one dares to speak of why they feel it. But it's all too evident. Meanwhile, Eddie resorts back to puffing on his inhaler, his thoughts manifesting physically again for the first time since the summer.

"You alright there, Eddie Spaghetti?" Richie asks, tilting his head. Eddie glares daggers at him. Richie wonders exactly how his friend does that look; he's practiced in front of a mirror and can't seem to get it down.

"Don't fucking call me that."

"You know you love it," Richie retorts, knocking his shoulder into Eddie's.

"Do not."

"Do too," Richie mocks, poking him on the nose. Boop. Eddie just looks tired. his angry eyes blinking slowly in defeat. Richie notices the circles underneath his eyes, purple half-moons. Expression softening, Richie places hand on Eddie's shoulder. "It's okay if you're scared of the clown shit. I am too."

Eddie shrugs him off, walking a distance ahead for the next block, his arms crossed in defiance. His small face is scrunched up into a stubborn scowl as October winds blow hair into his eyes. He kind of looks like an idiot, but Richie's chest burns, regardless. He runs to catch up with Eddie, careful not to touch him.

They walk side by side for a moment until they make their way into Richie's house without saying a word. Richie's has had to get used to this: waiting in silence, watching as Eddie grows more and more

closed off. It made every inch of his being ache.

“Your room looks like a nuclear bomb went off,” Eddie notes, causing Richie to crack a grin.

“Not a nuclear bomb,” Richie replies. “just your mom.”

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“You better not go out tonight with those boys,” Mrs. Kasbrak warns as she meticulously places pills into a little cup. Eddie hasn't taken them in months, but she still does it. Every morning. He clutches at his inhaler. He doesn't want to let her wear him down. “I know what kids do on Halloween, Eddie. You can't accept candy from strangers, especially ones wearing masks.”

Normally, he would be annoyed by her suffocating parenting, but today he fully agrees with her. He's going to stay home tonight.

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Underneath the shade of an old oak tree, the Losers sit in a circle, eating lunch.

“I'll trade you.” Ben holds out his tuna sandwich for Stan's ham one.

“Half and half?”

“Sure.”

Bill picks the grass at his feet.

“Are you okay, Bill?” Ben asks, his eyes wide with concern. Bill just sighs.

“Don't you get it?” Richie replies, sounding harsher than he intended to. “It's today.”

“My aunt showed up our family's Halloween party dressed as a clown,” Stan replies.

“Sometimes I-I th-think I see it but but...”

“Nothing,” Eddie finishes for him.

“I feel like if Bev was here. She would tell us she knows it’ll be okay,” Ben whispers.

“But she’s n-not here,” Bill says.

“And besides,” Stan continues. “she was insane. I mean in a good way.”

“Definitely insane,” Eddie agrees, smiling at the memory. “My mom doesn’t even let me leave for Halloween. But I’m still scared.”

“We’re all scared,” Richie sighs. “When did we all become such pussies?”

“We’ve always b-b-been,” Bill declares. “L-last s-summer doesn’t change that.” They all chuckle nervously, a little unsure of what exactly did happen last summer. There was a clown, right? Or was it Henry Bowers...

“To being pussies!” Richie says, interrupting the general confusion and putting his arm into the middle of the circle. They all do the same.

“To being pussies!”

“Not that any of you guys have ever seen aby pussy,” Richie adds.

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The windows in Eddie’s bedroom are always drawn shut. I mean, too much sun can hurt your skin. It’s better to be safe than sorry.

However on rare occasions, he opens them, just an inch. Just so that someone, if they were close enough, could come to his window and get him off of house arrest. Usually, it was Richie to the rescue.

Tonight, it has nothing to do with house arrest. He just has a feeling Richie might want to come.

And surely enough, at a quarter after seven. Eddie hears a voice whisper, “Eddie.”

He nearly falls out of his bed which then he hears Richie laughing hysterically.

"Motherfucker," Eddie mutters. "I'm going to kill you. You scared me shitless." However, he says this all with a doofy smile on his face.

"Aww, aren't you so happy to see me," Richie teases before hopping onto Eddie's bed. Eddie looks away immediately.

"I was happy to see that you weren't a child-eating clown."

Richie looks at his shoes, pulling his heels in and out, in and out...

"How much do you remember, Richie?"

"Not much," he murmurs in response. "But enough." Eddie shivers, suddenly seeing a leper in the corner of his mind. Human leprosy. The thought sticks there like glue.

Richie sees his discomfort and puts his head down onto Eddie's lap, like it's something they do all the time. It's not. And it makes Eddie's whole being feel like it's on fire. He has to fight the urge to comb through Richie's curls. But he imagines they feel like silk. His hand hovers above Richie's head, but then it settles on his shoulder.

"More than enough," Eddie replies. He finds himself tense and rigid underneath Richie, which leads Richie to sit up.

Eddie panics, beginning to say "No" but stopping himself.

"What?"

"Nothing, nevermind." Eddie blushes furiously.

"You're so cute, Eddie Spaghetti. Next year, I bet you could dress as Beverly Marsh and Ben and Bill wouldn't notice the difference."

"God, Trashmouth. You are such a dick," Eddie bites back, though he looks at Richie fondly.

"Happy Halloween, Eds."